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OLD WORDS TO A NEW AIR.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep."

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

RING OUT, wild bells,
Across the snow!
Tom Platt is going—
Let him go!

IT GIVES us pleasure, at the new year season, to announce to our readers that the world is growing better. That part of it known as the United States is growing better fast. And it is growing better because it is growing wiser. We, the people of the United States, know more than we did. We have got to that point where we can see through a stone-wall, if there is a hole big enough; whereas formerly, and not so long ago, the stone-wall was the limit of our vision, no matter how big the hole was. Once we used to think, when cleaning up our cities, that the political boss was the head and front of graft and civic iniquity. If we caught HIM, as occasionally we did, and threw him out of power at an election, we patted ourselves upon the back and congratulated each other upon the downfall of corruption and the triumphal entry of virtue. In our innocent ignorance, we thought we had accomplished something big. We know now that what we accomplished was really something small. In other words, we are wiser than we were, and for that reason we are bound to get better. San Francisco once would have been satisfied with the capture of Boss Reuf. Now, it is going higher up, much higher, than Reuf in the process of purification. Likewise, Pittsburg. Some of Pittsburg's officials are accused of accepting bribes, but Pittsburg is not stopping at the old time level; it is seeking the givers of the bribes. The political boss no longer is recognized as the kingpin of graft. In every city, he has shrunken to his true proportions—a mere middleman, an employee of gentlemen who

would scorn to pick a pocket but who do not mind robbing a city in a safe, genteel way. Now that these gentlemen are appraised at their proper value, and the respectable seekers of special privilege at the public cost are recognized as far worse grafters than the vulgar officials who get "rake-offs" on city contracts, or who wax rich protecting vice, the post of boss in a great city will not be as lucrative as heretofore. The reason is plain. The tendency of cities everywhere to look for the men higher-up, and their growing ability to spot a rascal even though his environment consist of good clothes, church membership, business standing and exemplary home life, make the game of franchise grabbing through bribery a much more hazardous pastime than it was, say, ten years ago. The pickings in it for the boss will consequently not be so easy. Formerly, when purifying politics, the public never looked beyond the boss, and it was safe to do business with bosses and their underlings, but now that the public vision is improved and a boss is but the half-way mark in the search for respectable larceny, it is by no means so safe. It is a great step, when you come to think of it, to have learned that our political bosses are not expert cracksmen on their own hook, but simply burglars' helpers, holding the dark-lantern and delivering the tools as they are wanted, to the master thieves.



HOW TOUCHING!

THE BENEVOLENT BRAST.—Now, my dear sir, your bullet won't hurt me. I am strong enough to resist it. But think, I beseech you, of the deadly effect it will have upon my small competitors!

WAS EVER President in such an extraordinary position before the bar of public opinion!—*The World*.

Never. His popularity, everything considered, is the most amazing thing in our political history.

A PART of the Spreckels fortune was used in purging San Francisco of corruption, and Mr. Carnegie is credited with providing some of the motive power that blew up the Pittsburg gang which is a lot better than endowing colleges or building libraries.



THE JAM THAT MOTHER MAKES.

THAT HUMAN INTEREST STORY.

THE very young couple in room umteen had quarreled. Sadly the husband passed the old-fashioned hotel corridor. The sadness of lovers' parting wrinkled his face and his trousers. The padding on his magnificent shoulders drooped dejectedly. But when the voice of his beloved, as she tried to bite her maid, pierced the violet perishness, the young husband's face hardened again in a resolve not to make the first approach toward reconciliation. In this, he was determined.

The old gentleman with the congress shoes, the S. R. O. sign on his waistcoat and the S. O. sign on his reputation, had endured it long enough. Rising from the reading chair at the end of the corridor, he hastened to get on the pacifying job, his gentle old face beatiferous.

"Young sir," trembled the sire's Johnsonorous tones, "deceive me not! I know your woes. Oh, gamble not with the priceless gift of Beactress Bareax love. True that your haughty Vere de Vere spirit compulsions you to refuse her your safety razor for her corns. But think how divine a creature she is; how rice-powdery com- pleted; how nobly endowried. For give and—"

Tears trembled on his aristocratic nose. The old man paused.

"But first, venerable sir, why do you butt in?" murmured the cultured tones of the young husband.

"Listen. I am the senile codger who

invariably runs the machinery in lovers' quarrel stories in the *Females' Own*. Yes, none other. Oh, trifle not with—but already have I said that line, and space is valuable since white paper went up. Listen and I will relate how in my youth I lost the most fragrant pearl of Bloger's Center by my stubbornness."

"Yes, I know," groaned the young husband. "You've sprung the same fourth-act regrets on me in the last seven numbers of the *Females' Own* and twice in recent numbers of the *Home-Horrible Hints*. But you are foiled and Rodobina Allyce may go on lacing her own sheath-gown display ads."

"In the name of the socks guaranteed to last six months, I implore you to tell me why you are so defiant, this time," begged the old man.

"Because the elevator let you out at the wrong story," hissed the young husband. "This story ain't in the *Females' Own*. This time it's one of those cute little stunts that start out like a respectable chestnut and jolt you by ending contrari-wise!"

The old man bowed his head in sorrow. He realized the terrible thing which the heartless author had wrought.

Sinclair Lewis

WASN'T WORTH WHILE.

"DID Mae get her maiden name back with her divorce?"
"She didn't want it. She married that afternoon."

MANY a young man starting out to conquer the world, considers himself an Alexander, when he is in reality but a smart Alec.



BRINGING HIS MUSCLES IN TO PLAY.

PATRIOTS ONCE, BUT—

"So you have elected Taft," said the visitor from abroad to the Banker Person, "but why?"

"That prosperity may continue."

"Which means a high tariff and the trusts?"

"Well, the tariff, say; not necessarily the trusts."

"But is it not the one which makes the other possible?"

"The Democrats say that—I don't think so. I believe with Roosevelt that we may maintain the tariff and yet curb the trusts. I believe Taft will vindicate the Roosevelt theory."

"Yet so long as the tariff remains the hold of the trusts is strengthened. Competition is stifled; monopoly encouraged."

"Possibly somewhat, but, mind you, I don't admit it."

"Then why not revise the tariff?"

"Business would suffer; the industries would shut down; they could not compete with the influx of cheaper foreign made goods. Workingmen would be idle, commerce stagnated, hunger abroad in the land."

"You think then the millions invested in steel mills, for instance, would be sacrificed—the mills would be abandoned? left to remain idle?"

"If they were operated it would be at a reduced wage scale."

"Or possibly a reduced dividend rate—if the workingmen had the courage of their forefathers to stand for their rights and the rights of their children to come after them."

"They would go hungry while the struggle was on."

"Even so, might it not be a worthy hardship? Their fore-



IN THE GRILL ROOM.

VISITOR (New York Club).—Is Mr. Fullerby in?

DOORMAN.—Yes sir; but he's all in.

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"Even so, might it not be a worthy hardship? Their fore-



A SUSPICIOUS WORD.

MRS. HIP.—Oh, Henry; I wonder if this means us?

MR. HIP.—What—what—what?

MRS. HIP.—Here's an article approving the widespread movement to eliminate hips!

fathers went hungry while they fought against the oppression of their mother country."

"That was an entirely different situation. They were fighting freedom."

"And were patriots—perhaps? Eh?"

"Patriots? Yes—assuredly they were patriots."

"But if their great-great-grandsons were to rebel against the ruthless rule of wealth; were to demand industrial liberty; to fight the trusts for their rights—just wages and fair prices for the commodities the trusts control; were to number their cohorts by the thousands and starve if need be to bring about the re-adjustment, they would be, not patriots, eh? but ingrates, perhaps?"

"No, that is a harsh word, my dear sir, they would be fanatics, say; purely and simply fanatics."

R. Dick Collier.

FROM TOUGH TO TAILOR MAID.



Formerly it was the hard citizen who walked like this.



But now ————— !!



A MATINEE SUGGESTION.

STAGE MANAGER.—Ladies, between each act, Mr Hackersham, the star, will pass among you. All of you who desire to kiss him will please form in the center aisle.

AMONG THE HIGH BROWS.

IT WAS at the Woman's Athenian Arts Club. Mrs. Pompus-Proude was reading Browning as an *Aesthetic Impulse*, in eleven lavender sheets and a pink baby-ribbon. On her right sat Ellen Olden-

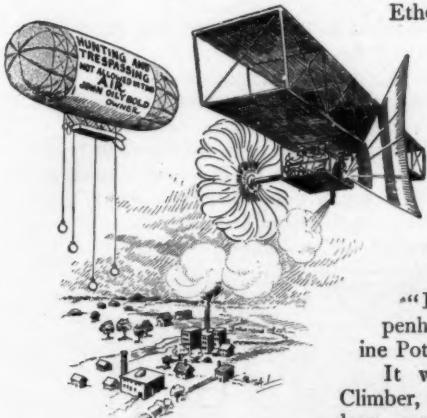
Gurle with a pound of "The True Ethereality of Ibsen" and each of the nineteen members displayed fat books about seismography and Platonism and Emerson.

Suddenly Mrs. Pompus-Proude ceased reading and Mrs. Ultra-Swelle nudged Mazie Dashleigh in the side.

The nineteen fat books dropped to the floor.

"For the love of Schopenhauer!" gasped Norine Potter-Lumley.

It was Mrs. J. Belden Climber, who had entered in her new Copenhagen-blue pongee, with four rosettes left over from her old rose sateen, and her last year's Merry Widow hat re-trimmed and turned upside down.



YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE IT.

THE SIZE OF IT.

"It's dish-u-way, sah," explained old Brother Swank to a befuddled friend: "Orthodoxy am de doxy dat I makes muhse'f—dat I's de orthor of, yo' un'erstand. Uh-well, and dis yuh hector doxy am de udder man's doxy dat he's allus uh-hectorin' me wid. Do dat make it cl'ar to yo' apprehension, Brudder Tarr?"

A MAGNATE'S TESTAMENT.

"I've just been reading about the power of the will. It's a wonderful thing."

"Yes; I know of a will that makes seven children and thirty-two grandchildren behave."

Fashion is whatever most women would, for the moment, rather be dead than out of.

THE GIRLS I ALMOST KISSED.

From the fish I have almost caught—
Lobster or sucker or skate—
To the witty things I've thought—
Just half a wink too late;
From the riches I've almost had—
To the trains I have barely missed,
There is never a memory so sad
As the girls that I almost kissed.

There was Alice who said me nay
And Anna who spurned me cold,
And the merry, the madcap Mae,
Who cried I was bad and bold.
Their bright eyes haunt my dreams
In a dim delicious mist,
And a glint of pearl and ivory gleams
Thro' the lips that I almost kissed.

There was Rose of the soulful sigh
And June of the wistful face,
Allegra of luring eye,
And the courtly poise of Grace;
Lo! Out of my giddy past,
Thro' I squirm and struggle and twist,
The sweet ghosts find me out at last—
The girls that I almost kissed.

Tho' I'm fat, smooth-domed and old,
And none would kiss me now,
My loves come back to fold
New wrinkles in my brow;
And each has a suit to lay
On my breach-of-promise list,
For the girls that I almost kissed one day,
Next day I always kissed!

—Chester Firkins.

POSITIVE law is no great improvement on the mills of the gods except in cases where you are willing to take a much coarser grit for the sake of getting it a little quicker.



NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

MRS. COOPAH.—Ah see youah Lillie ain't lookin' very pert t'night, yet she bin dancin' ev'ry dance.

MRS. HOOLEY.—Ah know; It don't signify nothin' if she's dancin' every dance. Lillie's got one o' dem new hip-hipless corsets on an' she just can't sit down.

LOOK UP. LIFT UP.
OR, CARRYING ALL BEFORE HIM.



I.



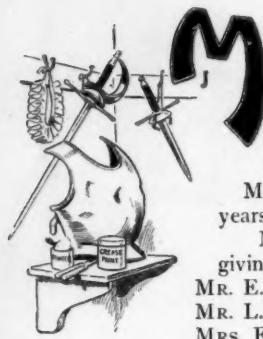
II.



III.

THE MUSIC LOVERS.

(The Lackawannas are spending the evening at the Erie's house in the suburbs, they are planning an evening of celebration in town.)



MRS. LACKAWANNA.—And after dinners let's go to the opera.

MRS. ERIE.—That will be splendid!

MR. E. (who is splitting the bill, soberly).—Yes.

MR. L. (in a philistine mood).—Oh, let's go to the theatre and be comfortable. We can have bubble for dinner so it will cost just as much.

MRS. L.—What a pig you are, Jim! You know it's two years since we've been to an opera.

MRS. E.—Get the paper, Tom, and see what they are giving Saturday night.

MR. E.—"Faust," at the Metropolitan.

MR. L.—But that's the popular night there.

MRS. E.—And "Faust" is so old and hackneyed.

MR. L. (sententiously).—A cheap show on an expensive night is much more desirable than an expensive show at a cheap night. If we only could get ten-dollar tickets at that Newark theatre, what fun—

MRS. L.—Oh, do shut up, Jim! You know perfectly well that those "pops" lack all the glitter and distinction—

MR. L.—Which makes the music so grand and uplifting.

MRS. E. (gently).—Really, Mr. Lackawanna, you must admit that "Faust" is worn threadbare.



A SESSION OF THE GOLF CABINET.

COMMON INCIDENT IN WASHINGTON DURING THE FOUR YEARS
BEGINNING MARCH 4TH.

A cosey corner is a place where the cat never sleeps.

MR. L. (politely).—Yes; but it's a good while since I hear dit. When did you hear it last?

MRS. L. (quickly).—She hears the music once a week, from restaurant orchestras, hand-organs, and everything else. What is on at the Manhattan?

MR. L.—If it's "Salome" or "Thais" or one of the undressed kind, I'm resigned to be uplifted.

MRS. E. (cheerfully).—It's "Louise."

MRS. E. (reluctantly).—Well, I have never seen it myself, but they say that is pretty long and—

MR. L.—Tiresome?

MRS. E. (sharply).—No! On the contrary, the music is wonderfully descriptive and—all that.

MRS. L.—I want to see that woman.

MR. L.—Her voice would disappoint your fastidious ear, my dear. Now, in those other roles—

MRS. L. (impatiently).—Will you take us to the opera or not?

MR. L.—Not. Because I've already bought tickets for that bully show where they talk to a wreck by searchlight wireless, and hand you thrills every minute.

MRS. E. (smiling resignedly).—I'm so disappointed.

MR. E. (behind his hand).—Good work, old man!

MRS. L. (vindictively).—Oh, very well. Have your own way. But I will order that dinner.

Layton Brewer.

MAUD MULLER AGAIN.

MAUD MULLER on a summer day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Then chugged the judge upon the scene
And scented things with gasoline.

A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

"I TOOK in two dollars just now," said the first promoter.
"Good enough," declared the second promoter.
"Shall we issue additional stock to correspond with our increased capital, or shall we have lunch?"

SCREAMS.

SCREAMS issuing from a squalid attic arrested the attention of the neighbors. They were horrible screams. And sometimes as many as four of them were counted. On certain days they would begin before ten o'clock in the morning. That was when they were wanted for the matinees.

Scream-writers the neighbors had had among them before, but none so prolific.

HER SINGLE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

She couldn't get her lessons, and she couldn't make a bed;
She couldn't nurse the baby, and she couldn't bake bread;
She couldn't sweep, nor milk, nor churn,—the butter wouldn't come;
And she couldn't play the organ, but she could chew gum.



She couldn't skate, she couldn't swim,
she couldn't play croquet;
She couldn't keep her shoes tied, nor tell the
time of day;
She couldn't put her hair up but that it
would come down,
But she could chew more gum than any
other girl in town.

She couldn't play a game of cards, nor
tell a lie, nor bet;
She couldn't ride a bicycle, nor smoke
a cigarette;
But one accomplishment she had,
and she could make it hum—
She simply had no equal in the
art of chewing gum.

She couldn't get to church on
time, she couldn't pray,
nor sing;
She couldn't keep appointments,
nor remember anything;

She couldn't keep a secret, nor a record, nor a dime,
But she could keep her lower jaw a-wagging all the time.

She couldn't keep her face clean, she couldn't shut a door;
She couldn't hang her clothes any place but on the floor;
She couldn't show her temper, nor even look glum;
She never chewed the rag, for she was always chewing gum.

The years passed by, and finally this ruminating dame
Ran up against a splendid chance to change her maiden name.
She answered the proposal with a rapturous yum yum—
'Twas all she could articulate while she was chewing gum.

The blissful wedding day arrived, the groom appeared intact;
The bride pursued industriously the mastication act;
He gazed at her a moment, then made a solemn vow
That he would die a bachelor before he'd wed a cow.

The minister and guests at once attempted to persuade
The man to reconsider the decision he had made;



IF THEY GO ANY HIGHER.

CHORUS OF WEDDING GUESTS.—Yes, they expected her father would
do the handsome thing, but they were quite unprepared for such extreme lib-
erality. Just think! Three dozen fresh eggs to start housekeeping with!!

But when to their entreaties he was obstinate and dumb
They next besought his fiancee to give up chewing gum.

All day she sat and pondered o'er this problem so
sublime—
Her mandible, as usual, in motion all the time;
At length she broke the silence, and in wild
delirium
Declared she'd live a spinster, for she had to have
her gum.

V. M. Hatfield.



IN THE STARS.

WHEN the astronomer discovered
that the comet must certainly
collide with the earth, and that the result of
such a collision must be the earth's instant annihilation, he
grew pale.

He carefully verified his figures, step by step, and grew
paler.

"If this is so," he exclaimed, trembling, "I ought to
be able to write a magazine article about it which would pay
me enough to buy my next winter's coal!"

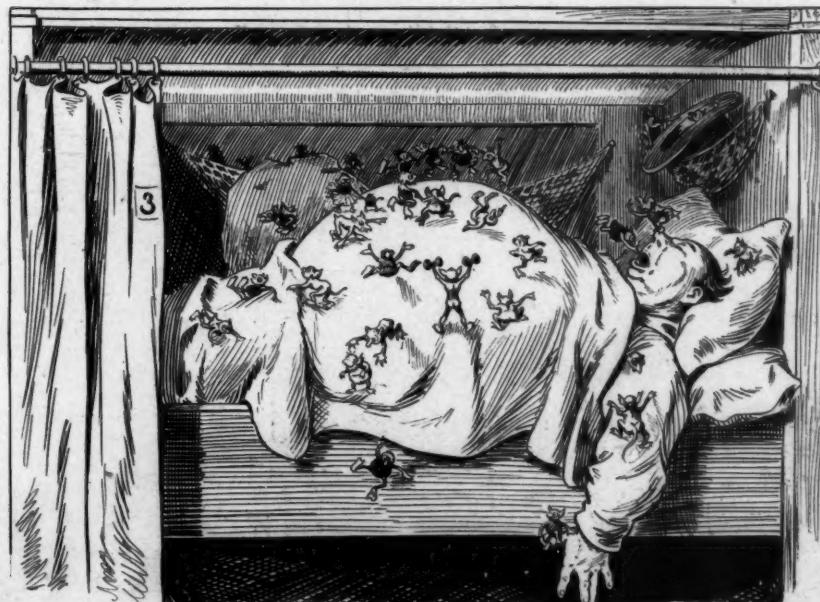
And he mopped the perspiration from his brow.

PROBABLY THE CASE.

LITTLE CLARENCE (who has an inquiring mind).—Pa, when "the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew" what happened?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Why, I suppose, my son, that the young lady with tickets for the amateur entertainment for the benefit of Our Church went right around selling them, wholly undaunted by such a little thing as unpleasant weather.

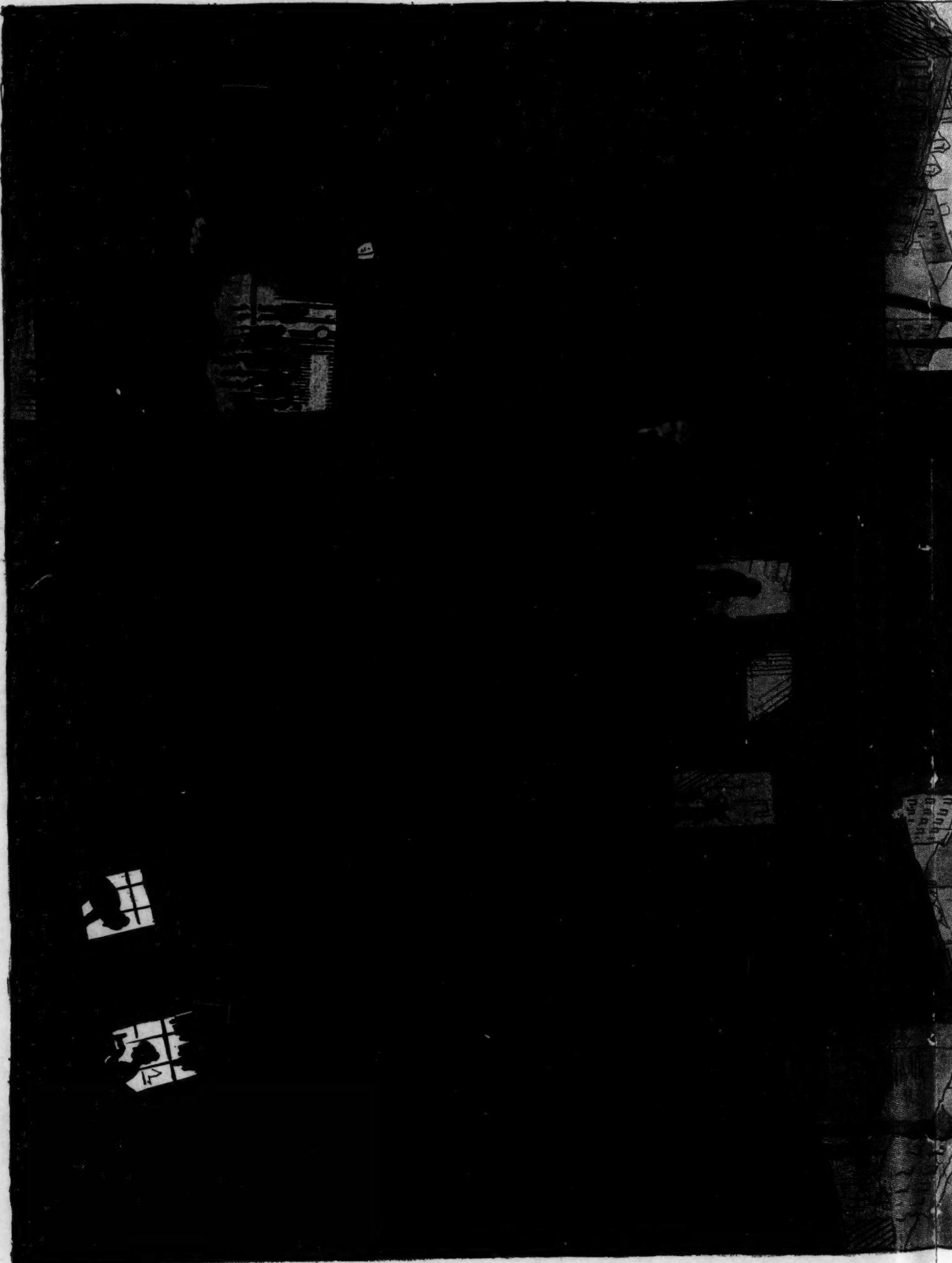
A N INN, in the European sense, at least, is something
to put up at with, and, last but not least, for.



TEE PULLMAN MICROBES.

"Outside of a laboratory, it would be difficult to find a more congenial
home and breeding place for microbes than the modern upholstered sleeping
car."—Dr. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture.

HOLY TRINITY.



PUCK



THE SAGACIOUS AUTHOR.

"I WANT a motor catalogue compiled for 1909," stated the manufacturer of automobiles. "I understand you do something in a literary way."

"Yes," admitted the author.

"What'll you charge for something artistic?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Give you thirty."

"I s'pose I'll have to take it. I need the money."

Six weeks elapsed.

"How about that catalogue?" demanded the manufacturer, meeting the author in the grill-room of a fashionable hotel. "Expect me to wait a year for it?"

"Aw, say," laughed the author genially. "Sit down and have something. Waiter, take the gentleman's order. I want to tell you about that catalogue."

"Well, sir?"

"I had the thing neatly compiled, and was about to deliver it, when a great white light struck me. Instead of turning it over to you for a measly thirty dollars, I merely supplied it with dialogue and made a motor novel of it."

"How's that?"

"Made a motor novel of it. Now in its 250th thousand. Send your agent to see me about a touring car. Under the circumstances, I feel that I ought to give your make the preference."

Will S. Adkins.



DURING THE WAR PLAY.

SCHNEIDER, THE DRUMMER (who is doing "the boom of cannon" under the stage). — Ach, ven vill dis gruel war be ofer?



SAY, RATHER, STRIKING.

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.—This is father's new portrait. Don't you think it a perfect likeness?

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

EXPECTANCY reigned in the Cherokee nation
When back to his tribe came a youth from Carlisle;
His neckties attracted widespread admiration,
And nothing was wrong with his shoes or his tile;
He talked of Greek letters, and quoted from Horace,
And smoked cigarettes that were pungent and porous,
And chortled of damsels who sing in the chorus,
And wearied the sagamores after a while.



One morning the sire of the young man was missing;
They hunted him low, and they hunted him high;
They found his remains where the bullsnake was hissing;—
This message was nailed to a sycamore nigh:
"My nature is hot, and it raises my dander,
That I, Spotted-Gosling-Afraid-of-a-Gander,
Am scorned as the sire of a Smart Alexander,
And so it is up to this red man to die!"

Walt. Mason.

JUST SO.

COLONEL WHITE.—Your son is quite a singer, isn't he, Busenbark?

BROTHER BUSENBARK.—Yassah! Yassah! 'Bleeged to yo' for axin'. Dat boy, sah, am cuttling de most malodorous cullud pusson in dis whole town.

HER APPEARANCE.

MR. POOTS.—Has yo' had de pleasure of seein' Brudder Bump's new wife? What does yo' think of her, sah?

MR. SPRADLEY.—Uh-well, sah, I doesn't want to be cricketal, nor nuthin' dat-uh-way; but it do 'pear to me like he must-uh done won de lady at a shootin'-match.



SPLIT!

HER FRIENDS WARNED HER THAT SHE WAS TOO FAT, BUT SHE WOULD WEAR A SHEATH.

PUCK



HIS ROUTE.

FARMER.—How did you come to fall in?
McMANUS.—Across ther lots beyant, sor.

TO PRISCILLA.

IT SEEMS but yesterday, Priscilla, that you were a wee climber, naively resting your molasses against the bosom of my shirt.

Well-a-day! And to think you are now discussing the merits of the directoire, and have had three letters to Beatrice Barefacts printed right beside those terribly funny pictures on the editorial page. You are quite a woman indeed, Priscilla, and I—well, those taffy stained shirts have long since been done up.

You say you expect to be married soon; that the young man is named Wilkins, and is on the staff of the *Daily Bugle*; and you ask me for my advice and counsel. The salvage of our

little friendship will not be attractive after I give you my advice, sweet creature; nevertheless, here it is:

Harold Wilkins is a newspaper man. He is "connected" with that romantic branch of the business which doesn't pay—the editorial department. I have seen as many as twenty men disconnected from that fascinating work in one week, Priscilla; but I shall not cloud your young life with the details.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, Harold is "on space." You cannot know what that means, of course. But never become angry if you should hear that some desk-editor has announced that he is the sole support of the Wilkins family. He is not really a bad man—and it may be true.

Would it make any difference to you if I should whisper in confidence that Harold still believes that "Pandemonium reigns," that "Prof. Keys presided at the piano," that a man can be "applauded to the echo," and that "the parade bids fair to the greatest in the history of the city?" Or that he has twice during the past week referred to firemen as "smoke-eaters," and had to be forcibly restrained from saying that an orchestra "discoursed sweet strains of music, to which the gliding feet of the merry dancers, etc. etc.?" No; of course you care not—but I can see trouble ahead for Harold.

And are you absolutely sure that Harold wrote that editorial entitled, "Shall the People Rule?" I know it sounded just like him, but won't you ask him if he didn't write, instead, that fetching little thing about the election of officers of the Passumpsic River Society.

Dear girl, you already hate me, but I must tell you one thing more. You have dreamed of Harold telling the men at the office that he is about to be married; the congratulatory words of the city

and managing editors, and his loving co-workers; a touching scene, perhaps a substantial raise.

Ah, no. Not perceptibly, Priscilla. When your beloved told the city editor, that unfeeling brute actually reminded him of the office rule regarding intoxication; and sent him out to get a photograph of a man who had just been indicted for grand larceny.

No, little girl, you will not listen. You scorn my suggestion that you should think it over. You cannot live without Harold Wilkins. Nor he without you.

Very well. Then, in memory of those halcyon peanut-taffy days, aforesaid, I shall induce as many of my friends as possible to commit horrible crimes, with an understanding that Harold will be sent out to write them up. I can do no more, except to admit myself, A horrid old thing: *Freeman Tilden.*

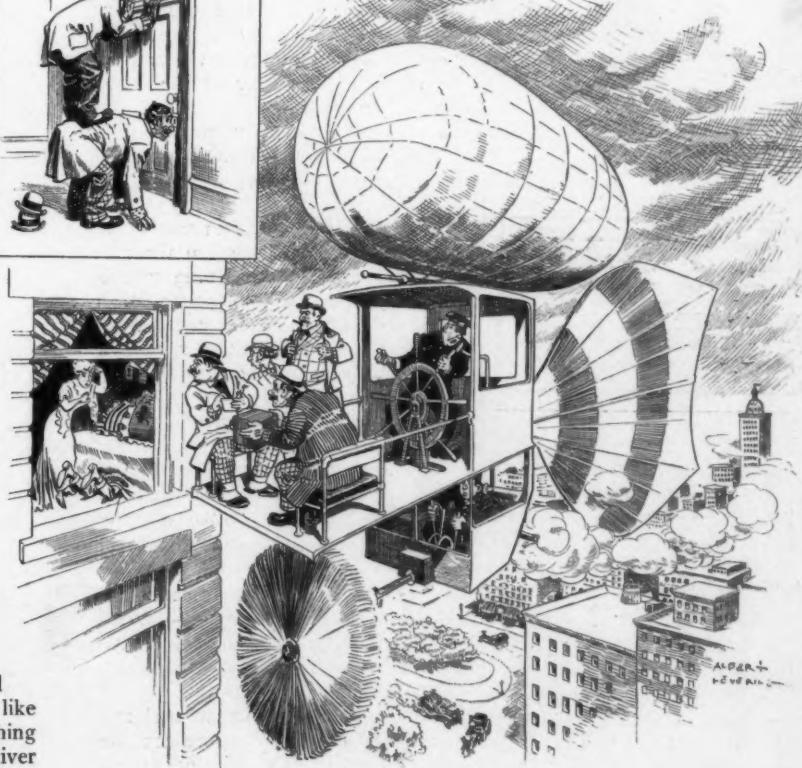
WASTED EFFORTS.

"What's the matter with Percival?"
"Why, after tracing back his ancestry for five hundred years, he has just discovered that he is an adopted child."

TEETH CHATTER.

THE GOLD TOOTH.—Say, you'll be pulled if you keep on disturbing the peace.

THE TROUBLESOME MOLAR.—Hooray! I'm just aching to get out of here, you know.



GETTING EVIDENCE.

THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE OF THE PRESENT AND THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

A statesman is a politician who gets re-elected.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

AGE
PURITY, FLAVOR



HIGHEST STANDARD
OF THE
AMERICAN
GENTLEMAN'S
WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CHOOSING A COURSE.

"My boy is undecided about what collegiate course to take."

"Um."

"What would you advise?"

"That depends. Does he want to build up his muscles or his wind?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

NESTOR CIGARETTES

"NESTOR" "IMPORTED" "ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label. 40 cts. Blue Label. 15 cts.

In Spring and Summer, Winter, Fall
The NESTOR is the best of all.

CAMPAIGN SOLACE.

LITTLE BRITISH GIRL TO NAUGHTY BROTHER.—You'll catch it, you dweful boy!

HE.—That's all you know, Miss Clever. Ma's out with the suffragists, and pa's hiding in the house of commons.—*Punch*.

Steel sectional filing cabinets are now made so much like wood that their true composition can only be detected by the sense of touch.

Therefore they match up perfectly with quartered oak or mahogany fittings.

But whether you select filing devices in wood or steel, get the best obtainable—those made by the Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, whose agents sell at factory prices which are uniform everywhere.

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SATISFACTORY MELODRAMAS.
I calmly take my seat at eight and quite at ease appear.
I watch the villain machinate without a bit of fear.
He gets the hero in a plight, but I give forth no roar.
I know that things will be all right when they ring up Act IV.

The villain countless hopes does wreck and plots against the good;
But finally gets it in the neck, just as he knew he would.
I would that life had such a plot; I think I'd like it more:
If all the rogues their deserts got along about Act IV.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

MORE WORDS TO CONQUER.

"Oh, that I had your youth!" said Mr. Rockefeller to the reporters. Perhaps he thinks that he can't possibly fence in the rest of the earth in the time left him.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

DECEIVED.

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk said,
As he her instep pressed;
The lady sighed and bowed her head,
And gladness filled her breast.

But little time with her he spent,
A busy clerk was he;
He sold her sixes ere she went—
But they were numbered three.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE SECRET OF POVERTY.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson of New York unlocked the secret of general poverty in an address at the American Museum of Natural History in New York early this month when he said: "What is killing the people of this city may be stated as overwork, underfeeding, and overcrowding; and two of these may be included under the one word 'underpaid.' The message of the church and of medicine to-day to the community is not 'Give to the poor,' but 'Don't take so much away from them.'"—*The Public*.

NAMING THE PICTURE.

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "that is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said after a long look.

"Home?" Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Glasgow Times*.

"WAS his auto going so very fast?"

"Your honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—*Houston Post*.

BUT what some people would like to know is whether the Agricultural Department's estimate of \$8,000,000 worth of crops this year includes those that didn't grow from those free seeds their Congressman sent them.—*Indianapolis News*.

RICHARD CROKER was asked in New York the other day what he thought of British and American suffragettes and replied: "Women in politics! It would mean total demoralization." 'Anyhow, Mr. Croker surely knows what total demoralization in politics means.—*The Inter-Ocean*.

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KIND LADY.—Here, my good man! I know you darkies all like chicken.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit.
Try it to-morrow.

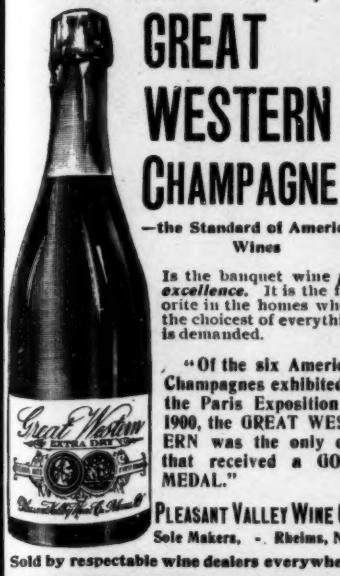
LUXURY AND POVERTY.

A thoughtful clergyman has remarked that "luxury is as great a curse to the human race as is abject poverty." This is dreadfully true when the two go together. For where they go together the luxury of some spells poverty for the rest. But the luxury that all might have by earning it, would that be a curse?—*The Public*.

"WHAT is it, madam?" asked the man behind the desk in an intelligence office. "I want a cook," explained the lady, patting the directoire knot on the back of her head, "and I want her bad." "Quite simple, madam," the clerk assured her. "We have no other kind."—*New York Herald*.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



FOR a special brand of cigarettes to hold public favor for over 30 years, and be more popular than ever to-day, is surely a sign of sterling merit. This is the history of the celebrated Nestor cigarettes, which were first introduced to England, and subsequently America, after the bombardment of Alexandria. The British officers, having once tasted Nestors, would have no others. The popular brand "Royal Nestors" at 15 cents for 10 is more in favor than ever.

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a curse to
the two go
poverty for
that be a

intelligence
not on the
"the clerk

HOBO.—No, madam, I am neither a socialist nor an anarchist. I am a passive altruist.

HOUSEKEEPER.—And what in the name of common sense is that?

HOBO.—I believe in being helped all I can.—*Boston Transcript*.

"AH, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral."—*Wahre Jacob*.

"I SUPPOSE you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Yes; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!"

"Yes, but his hair is all gone."—*San Francisco Star*.

SENTRY.—'Alt! 'Oo goes there? PRIVATE JONES. — Frien'—with bot-tie.

SENTRY.—Pass, friend! 'Alt, bottle! —*Punch*.

MRS. JAWBACK.—Do you know I came very near not marrying you?

MR. JAWBACK.—Sure—but who told you about it?—*Cleveland Leader*.

ROBBINS.—I didn't think you had any idea of marrying the widow.

NEWLYWED.—I hadn't; it was an idea of hers.—*Saturday Night*.

SULTAN OF TURKEY (*to German Kaiser*).—Speaking as one constitutionalized monarch to another—how is your Young German Party?—*Punch*.

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HE.—Oh, I represent a darn fool. Otherwise I wouldn't be at a fancy dress ball.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

IT SEEMS very difficult for Count Boni to understand that he is no longer one of the family.—*Washington Star*.

MARY.—How would you like to spend eternity with young Rogers?
ALICE.—I did. He called last night.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

CELESTINE.—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation?

HILDA.—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "Dearly beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.—*The Bohemian*.

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"HURRY up, Tommy!" called mother from down stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mamma—all but one."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



"SIOUX FALLS!" bawled the brakeman. "All out!" But the brakeman was wrong. There was an old bachelor on the train who was going through.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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"WHEN a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he nearly always means hard luck. 'Cause when he's prosperous he's gwineter take all de credit foh his own smahtness."—*Wash. Star*.



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"madam," the clerk
said.

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PSYCHOLOGY AS A FIRST AID.
When you've dropped a collar-button and it's rolled beneath the bed,
Just as jokesmiths, through the years, have told about,
Do not waste your choicest language—simply cause your mind to shed
A psychologic wave that rolls it out.

When you've stepped on a banana, and have lost both straying feet,
Do not think disgrace you're surely going to quaff;
Grab a psychologic lever, do a "giant drop-off" neat,
And you'll give the waiting mob the merry laugh.

When you've reached your home at even, with your arms quite full of toys,
And you catch your youngest son's suspicious eye,
Cast psychology upon him, in his tense, expectant poise,
And he'll never think to ask you how and why.

You can use it on the pitcher of a rival baseball team—
It works in football matches, so they say;
But as yet it's not perfected—or, at least, so it would seem—
So 'twill bring to one a needed boost in pay! —Denver Republican.

ONLY CAUTIOUS.

"You ran into this man at 30 miles an hour and knocked him 40 feet," said the Court.

"That, or a little better, I suppose," answered the chauffeur.

"Why didn't you slow down?"

"Mere precaution, your Honor. Once I shut off speed and hit a man so gently that he was able to climb into the machine and give me a licking." —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PARADOXICAL.

"Study the careers of our successful men," said the person who gives advice.

"That's what I have been doing," answered the observant youth. "These investigations indicate that some of them succeeded by not knowing anything about their business." —Washington Star.

CURRENT PHRASEOLOGY.

"Little girl, where's everybody?"

"Mamma is in the kitchen, sir, excoriating the apples for the pie, and brother is in the back yard, scare-ifying the chickens he wants to catch for dinner." —Baltimore American.

MALIGN ALL THROUGH.

Castro had gone to Europe to have a malign growth removed.

"Can it be done?" he asked, anxiously.

The surgeon shook his head.

"If I were to remove it all," he said, "there would be nothing left to hold funeral services over." —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

ON THE BOULEVARDS.—Waiter (holding out collection plate) Pardon, Mister—for ze band.

BILL SNOOKES (scooping up the coins).—Thanks, the music was pretty rotten! —London Opinion.

THE DOCTOR (to patient, who is married to a wife who is wealthy, but about twice his age and the possessor of a temper that makes his life unbearable).—You know, my dear sir, you're suffering from a very peculiar disease, "matrimonial dyspepsia." Your wife's too rich—she doesn't agree with you. —The Sketch.

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"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?"

"It was dis-a-way, mister; when de doctor operated on me for appendicitis he forgot an' left a sponge inside o' me." —Boston Traveler.

OUTCLASSED.



THE PUCK PRESS

ONE BIG HAT (to the other) — What a cute little tail the peacock has!

The shock was too much for him.